

CONTACT

Published by St. Joseph's College

Vol 6

Collegeville, Indiana, March, 1944

No. 7

Class Of '14 Rallies To Anniversary

Big Bruno Gets Oscar For First Return When Pre-Philosophy Group Is Summoned

It was 1914—the little hours of a morning in early spring. Our graduation platform in the gym was burning. Graduation togs and ribbons were a'glimmering in smoke. Jim Fits, ignoring the command of a V. Rev. Lieutenant to follow the crowd, was tugging at hose and ropes so Doc Schweitzer and I and others on the Faculty Building could put out the fiery darts that came thither. Spitz Weber and Walz, both of no mean stature, with books under their arms, came tagging along in the fateful darkness of that morning. Jim was the hero. He thought of wire and nails and the Kokomo steel mills, and when it was all over, he went to the chapel to pray for lots of things—for good grades, the Varsity team, and baseball in general.

Somehow, things were arranged that we were graduated all right. Father (Daddy) August, always so forward with time and men, had arranged for just such an eventuality; under his engineering, the class of 1913 had built a band stand, and in and from that band stand the class of 1914 got its start and exit. The orator from Remington can still recite Msgr. Oechtering's masterful commencement address. A number of vocations and avocations sprouted there during those exercises in the open. Recalls Student Days

I remember, too, that in the years preceding, some of us worked furiously under Father Alexcius. Brother Tony never drove his Yak and Yinnie harder. Jim and Max and Bucket and the rest of us were a sort of jury. We rushed things in those days, and they told us that actually we got two years of Latin in one—not only credits.

Today they have credits for doing things, and it is claimed that the juggling causes much confusion. To keep us out of dark alleys, they gave us examinations, which meant fight to the last ditch and keep on firing till the whites of the eyes turned red. Most of us survived.

"OUR" ST. JOE STILL STANDS TODAY

Because of fortunate diocesan assignments I have personally been more intimately in touch with St. Joe than many other alumni, excluding faculty members, for the last twenty-five years. Problems arose, had to be solved; they were solved only after mature consider-

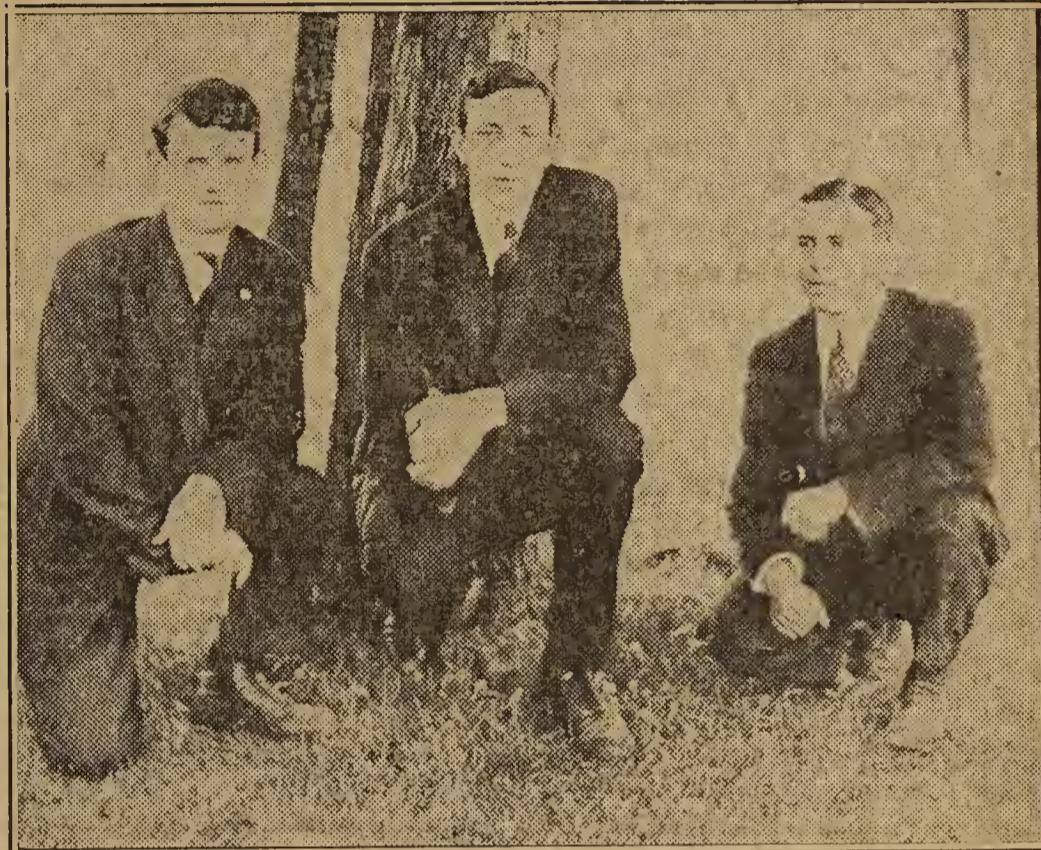
Cigarettes were forbidden. Chewing was an unmentionable. Pipes, unhallowed queens, were at sundry times confiscated unmercifully. Rules were written so often that the Messenger Press was out of jobs for the college for many years thereafter.

Things Hum In Tulsa

And here in Tulsa, things are humming in 'attaboy' fashion. Besides lots of war work and bomber plants and flying schools, St. Catherine's is here too, with forty-three families. There are seventy-seven children in school from twenty-one families. The rest of the children, a total of 153, are from non-Catholic families; we added from the outside to make the grades fuller.

Although Jim (who saw this place on the run out of the state some years ago—terribly scared of Indians) says there isn't much to brag about, and even if he gave me his most pitiful sympathy by implication, we still have the faith, study clubs, and all that. We are proud of Jennifer Jones and the "Song of Bernadette." Both helped our morale last week. Dat segga di wissa. (Fr. Aloys Brunswick, C.P.P.S., Tulsa, Oklahoma.)

ation. I have seen the college curriculum change two or three times, her campus face materially transformed; but there is by far enough of "our" old St. Joe—standing as she did twenty-five years ago—to make any alumnus see the things (Continued On Page Three)



These are not cheer leaders of button-shoe days, but the perpetrators of that rag known as the College Cheer. Left to right they are—Well, you guess.

English Literature Professor Writes Book on Catholic Essay

Lieut. J. C. Walter Sends 500-Lire Note

A 500-Lire note to pay for his subscriptions was enclosed in a letter received from Lieut. Joseph C. Walter, '41, who is stationed in Italy. Joe is a maintenance officer.

"We repair vehicles as we did in Africa. Our most difficult problem is securing parts necessary. At present our shop covers 10,000 square feet of floor space, and it is just enough. We have a cement floor, a good roof, good ventilation, and city electricity."

Joe has spent over nineteen months overseas, during which time he has seen England, North Ireland, Scotland, Algeria, Tunisia, and the Island of Pantelleria.

Joins Husband At Camp

Mrs. Mary Fischer went to Fort Benning, Georgia, March 6, to live with her husband, First Lieutenant Edward A. Fischer, co-editor of CONTACT.

A Century of the Catholic Essay is the tentative title of a volume which the Rev. Raphael H. Gross, C.P.P.S., M.A., '32, has just completed for printing. Arranged both as to themes and to types it purposes to trace the development of the Catholic essay from Newman to the present active writers of this form of literature.

The book when printed is not intended to be a text-book. Rather it is a collection of forty-five essays by eminent Catholic writers to be used for collateral reading during a study of the essay or as illustrative material for a course in Catholic Literature. Father Gross has contributed a preface, and short biographical notes on each of the essayists whose writings appear.

Paper shortage at the present time may delay publication of A Century of the Catholic Essay. The Bruce Publishing Company of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, which reviewed the manuscript, is unable to print it because of OPA re- (Continued On Page Four)

CONTACT

Established March 1, 1939.

Published by St. Joseph's College, Collegeville, Ind., monthly, September to May, to further the objects and purposes of that institution of learning.

Subscription: One Dollar a Year.

Entered as second-class matter March 5, 1942, at the Post Office at Collegeville, Ind., under the Act of August 24, 1912.

Editors

Edward A. Fischer

Sylvester H. Ley, C.P.P.S.

When I was seven years old our barn on the family farm in Whitley County, Ind., was struck by lightning and burnt to the ground. I can still see my father, as he sat on a kitchen chair that evening, deep in thought. I can hear his determined voice, as he looked up at mother: "The farm is too small anyway; we will move to another and larger one." Events have proved that although he did not rebuild the barn, he was building for the future.

Ever since 1891, when the first shovelful of ground was moved in preparation for the modest beginnings of St. Joseph's College, the men who have guided her career have built for the future. Much toil, and sweat, and planning have gone into the cluster of structures which form the material plant where education of the better kind has been dispensed for more than fifty years.

Like a bolt of lightning came Pearl Harbor, and the aftermath, which has emptied residence halls and classrooms of all but a remnant of the students who were flocking through the portals of the institution, their faces lighted with an enthusiasm that was both spontaneous and catching.

Unlike my father, after the loss of the barn, we will not move. Our future is deeply rooted in this spot, hallowed by traditions that are sacred, blest by memories that to ignore would be almost sacrilege.

In continuing to build for the future we look toward the post-war years. New students will come, and some, perhaps even many of those whose education was interrupted, will return to complete the courses leading to their graduation. For their benefit, and for the benefit of any others who may need financial assistance while they are studying, a Student Loan Fund has been set up by the builders of today. This was announced in a news story in last month's issue of CONTACT.

Students of yesterday and yesteryear, whose barns have not burnt down, and who have not burnt the bridges behind them as they have gone forward to success in life after their preparation of the better kind in the halls of old St. Joe, can now help in this building for the fu-

No Toys Are Needed; Send News--Pictures

Born five years ago this month, CONTACT, were it like other children, would be ready for kindergarten. But it came to college the day it was born and stepped right into post-graduate courses. Always a seeker after knowledge, it pursues the men who have been through college, trying to find out all it can about each one.

There were no candles on the birthday cake, because there wasn't any cake. Nor need anyone send a sandbox, or even a model airplane to assemble. What CONTACT wants is news and pictures.

This month the pre-philosophy and normal students of 1914 are featured; next month, those who received their certificate from the commercial course that year will have their inning.

Thanks to all who remember that each month CONTACT has a birthday.

Pen And Ink, Weapons Of Norbert L. Gerlach

Dear Editor,

I read your appeal in the January issue of CONTACT that you want to hear from us. I supposed that my name had long been lost among the many names. There are lots of the old grads like myself who think that everything should be left to the younger set, and I guess that we all are wrong:

As you know what the life of a "Chairborne" man in the air corps is like, I cannot write anything exciting about myself. He defends himself with a pen and a bottle of ink. Sometimes he is allowed an eraser.

For the last two years on Christmas I have played Santa Claus to about one hundred kiddies here in England. That is about the extent of my heroic deeds.

If any of my former classmates or friends still remember me, and write, I will answer.

Sincerely,
T/Sgt. Norbert L. Gerlach, '27
APO 635, New York City.

Lynch And Six Others In Middle Of Nowhere

"At this last outpost of civilization (we are located in the middle of nowhere, in New Guinea) there are only seven of us and we maintain a telephone repeater. When I first came here three months ago we received our rations from parachute. We manage to barter with the natives for bananas, coconuts, watermelons, and sometimes we catch some sweetcorn, cucumbers, and tomatoes."

That's Sgt. J. E. Lynch, APO 713, Unit 1, San Francisco, Calif., who also mentions in his letter of Feb. 24 that in recent weeks he has received issues of CONTACT and Stuff from Capt. Kozielski. Seemingly, the latter, who left Camp Crowder Jan. 10 for a replacement depot, is also now in the middle of nowhere.

ture. A War Bond in favor of the Student loan Fund of St. Joseph's College will help some needy and deserving young man ten, twenty, fifty and even more years from now.

Jap Imperial Marines Downed In Big Affair

Dear Editor,

You can mark No. 2 for me. Yes, I took part in the Marshall Island campaign, namely Kwajalein Islet of the Kwajalein Atoll. There isn't much I can say, although it was somewhat of a sweating affair.

In one affray we found that we were fighting the so-called Imperial Marines, who have seen action previously at Bataan and Wake Islands. But they won't bother us any more.

I received a copy of CONTACT, which I have waited for since I left the Aleutians. It interested me to learn how some of the boys I knew back there were doing. As for some of my classmates, I received word that Maurie Gutgsell, who is working on bombers, is engaged to a local girl and is planning marriage, perhaps on his furlough expected in March. Stan Krol and Father Joe Herod's sister announced their engagement New Year's Eve.

Here are a few souvenirs, Japanese coins, which you might care for. Regards to all. Best of luck. May God's blessing be with you.

Always,
Pfc. Ted Wleklinski
APO 7
San Francisco, Calif.

Private Puma John Lives In Pyramid

"Life on this side of the globe seems to be agreeing with me," thinks Puma John Feicht, who is stationed in New Caledonia. "Our living quarters are good: Five of us are making the best of it in a pyramid tent. We lost our home in a storm some weeks ago, but now have it better than ever.

"I'm connected with the surgeon's office for the South Pacific. Up to today I was a typist, but the sergeant told me this morning that tomorrow I start as file clerk.

"This is the first place that I haven't met a former Puma. Please put an add into CONTACT for me, for it would be swell to meet someone I could talk Collegeville with."

Pvt. J. E. Feicht
APO 502
San Francisco, Calif.

Judy Back in Troops

Dear Father,
living like a civilian at A. and M. for seven months. The ASTP is folding fast. They sent me to the fighting quartermasters. Right now I'm selling candy, cigarettes, etc., across the counter to others that wear the same uniform as yours truly. Thanks much for the letter of recommendation. Just as I was called for my exam, cadet school was closed to the ground crew.

Sincerely,
Pfc. H. E. Judy
59th A.M. Sales Co.
Base General Depot
San Bernardino, Calif.

Having been honorably discharged from the Army, James R. Byrne's first move was to ask that Stuff and CONTACT be mailed to his home address, 211 W. Sixth St., Bicknell, Ind. He also requests the latest year book.

MORE ABOUT—

CLASS OF '14 RALLY TO ANNIVERSARY

which he knew. The same cracks are in the floors, the same creaks in the doors. But the nun who fried the potatoes and the baker who baked the buns are gone.

Our crowd was on the border line between the old and the new order. We were blessed knowing Father August. We knew Fathers Lear, Sauer, Clement, Gerard, Wagner, Meinrad, Titus, Pius, Alexius. Father Bart's powers of intuition stumped us. Squire Magnum and I took private tutoring in Gregorian chant from Father Justin. More years to Fathers Ildephonse and Sylvester, still to link the past with the present.

Patient Souls Dealt Wisely

We were not angels, foolish kids sometimes, devils at other times. Many things were perpetrated which might now abash us; considerate, patient souls dealt wisely with us, and today we are gathering in the harvest of an intangible something received at St. Joe.

As to memories, we saw mumps downward bent while beards outward went; the sit-down strike for a free day. We knew the old gray mare that hauled parliamentary law out to us. We heard "Where will it end?" We once marched like Hannibal in battalion strong. We sat in chapel, anxiously waiting for a prof to get back to his chosen Sunday text.

We all recall "Irene," "Cockey," "Pig Bristles," "Boner," "Steve," "Slim," (two of them), "Bucket," "Moon," "Socks," "Squire," "Frenchy," "Cow." We also had our "Half-Pint." All of these and many others conjure up happy associations.

Where Is The 'Poney'?

What a lonesome first night the editor of CONTACT had. (Censored: Fitz, convalescing from typhoid fever, talked me to sleep.) Sticking out our neck, we hold that Kenkel, Waiz, Landoll, Mueller, and Leissing formed the greatest natural combination that ever worked on a St. Joe gym floor. Who inherited Ikey Goldschmidt's Greek "poney" for St. Basil?

At present, St. Joe is taking hard blows on the chin without reeling yet; the war, with its demands and consequences, is having its expected force. Yet even under the challenge it seems assured that the college will not lose its memorable identity and traditions.

This would be the more secure were there no alumni indifferent toward their Alma Mater. Some, however, perhaps unconsciously, have weaned themselves away from St. Joe. I have not seen members of the class of '14 back since we left, and I would welcome a reunion of "that gang" on the campus this summer.

Causa finita—the cow is milked—quoting Father Alexius in our old rushers' Latin Class. (Father J. Fitzgerald, Remington, suburb of Collegeville, Ind.)

SHOE SALESMAN LIKES FARMING

Over in Tiffin, Ohio, Roman J. Burger, besides being co-owner of the Kuebler-Burger Shoe Store, is interested in farming and stock raising. With interruptions, he has been in the shoe business since January, 1915, six months after June 1914, when "I felt like a very important cog in the wheel of life."

"During the first world war I was an infantry soldier for two years, taking part in three major engagements. Then I was sick for a year following the war. In January, 1922, I married, and we have six healthy, good children—three boys and three girls."

Alice Jean, the oldest, a senior at Marygrove College, Detroit, is majoring in journalism. She is editor of the college paper, as she was editor of the high school paper in Tiffin. Winning nearly all the honors in her class is the distinction of this straight A student.

One Son At St. Joe

Tom at St. Joe, is doing very well as a science student. Robert would be coming to St. Joe this fall had he not already joined the Navy. A follower of the Pumas he has kept the St. Joe sticker on the family car, and he has distinguished himself in studies, sports, and other extracurricular activities.

Another son, John, who loves dogs enough to spend his savings on food for strays, has the ambition to become a cavalryman. He is finishing his sophomore year in high school; two younger daughters, mother's helpers, still in the grades, keep things in high gear with their joy and laughter.

BUT HE DID GROW

Children learning their A to Z's New England Primer method were taught such a jingle as "Zacheus he did climb a tree our Lord to see." Evidently the "Half Pint" of the class of '14 to whom Father Fitzgerald alludes is the Rt. Rev. Msgr. Max J. Walz, who says of those early days, "Inevitably when I would return from vacation Daddy August would say to me, 'Walz, you didn't grow very much.' I haven't grown even in width since leaving St. Joe—the same 133 pounds.

Grows In Another Way

But the Chancellor of the Diocese of Toledo has grown in another way: made secretary to Bishop Stritch in 1924, he received the

honor of Papal Chamberlain from Pope Pius XI in 1929, and the next year became chancellor of the diocese.

Since 1934, when the paper was established, Msgr. Walz has been chairman of the editorial board of the Catholic Chronicle. In 1939 he was named Domestic Prelate by Pius XII, and in 1941, was appointed Officialis of the Diocesan Tribunal by Bishop Alter.

SHELBY CHAMP

A lung infection following a severe case of pneumonia contracted during the first World War, prevented William B. Eilerman, '14, from accepting a position as instructor in Methods of Teaching Mathematics offered him in 1918, by Miami University, Oxford, Ohio.

"So here I am," he writes, "raising pigs and taters, but fond memories often take me back to my Alma Mater. Last December I enjoyed a night's rest in Dwenger Hall, and I did not have the mumps either as in 1912. Nor did I have to hold the fever thermometer on the radiator to get a pass from Brother Vic."

"The habit of thorough work and methods of learning are two features of St. Joseph's I appreciated in later studies."

With the aid of his family, Mr. Eilerman owns and operates a 230-acre farm. In 1942 he was honored with the title of "Champion Farmer of Shelby County." R.R. 6, Sidney, Ohio, is his address. He is the last living Normal graduate from St. Joe.

WANDERER BACK AFTER 20 YEARS

Of his several appointments in parishes, hospitals and schools since his ordination, perhaps the one that Father Edward A McGinty, '14, remembers best in his eight and one-half year stretch as chaplain of the Federal Reformatory at Chillicothe, Ohio. During those years approximately 12,000 men went through this institution, only two of whom had ever been at St. Joe. Compared to other college and university records, he considers this a very low percentage.

Since Dec. 1939, Father McGinty has been pastor of St. Mary's Church, Chillicothe. "After about twenty years of wandering," he writes, "I am right back where I was baptized."

HE RAISED PONY; NOW KEEPS BEES

At least Father Herman Goldschmidt, C.P.P.S., came by that "poney" for St. Basil honestly; always a linguist, his first appointment after ordination was to teach German, Latin, and Greek to the younger Community students. Religion was tossed in just for safety sake.

Later, during three years when he was assistant pastor of St.

Former Teacher Dies Of Cancer

Rapid cancer caused the death of the Rev. Chrysostom Hummer, C.P.P.S., March 4, at the age of seventy-eight. Ordained in 1893, he taught English and history at St. Joseph's from 1897 to 1903. Then for seventeen years he was pastor of Precious Blood parish in Fort Wayne, Ind., after which he was chaplain of Alexian Hospital, St. Louis, until his retirement a few years ago.

A man of genuine, deep piety, Father Hummer's entire life was an inspiration to all who knew him.

Stephen Hungarian parish in Toledo, he mastered the rather difficult oriental Hungarian.

Father Goldschmidt built a church at St. Martin's Mission, N. Dakota, in 1924, during a thirteen-year period when he held appointments in and near Kildeer, N. D. Work for this mission church, which cost approximately \$6500, was all done free of charge by the parishioners.

Since 1940 Father Goldschmidt has been pastor of St. Wendelin's Church, R. R. 1, St. Henry, Ohio. Gardening and beekeeping are his hobbies; he now has thirteen colonies of bees.

TAKE YOUR PICK AS ISLE PASTOR

During the years (1932-1936) that he was pastor of all American Islands in Lake Erie, Father Albert C. Pessefall, '14, had to choose his means of travel according to the seasons and the weather. With residence at Kelly's Island, a mission at Put-in-Bay, and a station at Middle Bass Island, he moved from one place to the other by boat, on the ice, or by plane. Since Sept. 3, 1942, Father Pessefall has been pastor of St. Paul's Church, Norwalk, Ohio.

VIVID MEMORIES AFTER 30 YEARS

"Has anyone seen Jack Bauer? Yep, here I am, with greetings to the class of 1914. Thirty long years! What a span of time, and yet how vivid the memories of St. Joe.

"The fire on April 12—total destruction of the old gym. Red Fitzgerald cleaning bricks for profit the following summer. The operetta, Nun of Nildaros, with Prof. Novac singing the prologue and Prof. Havorka directing. Commencement June eighth. Class motto, 'Carpe Diem!' On the carpet before that.

"Until May 16, 1920—Jack Bauer; since then, Father Charles Bauer, C.P.P.S., with a series of parish appointments, the last of which, St. Benedict's Church, Nebraska City, Neb., came in 1937.

"A toast to the class of 1914 and to good old St. Joe. God's many blessings on all!"

Joseph A. Cannon Gets Commission

CORPUS CHRISTI, Tex., March 8.—Joseph Anthony Cannon graduated today from the Naval Air Training Center, Corpus Christi, and was commissioned an Ensign in the U. S. Naval Reserve.

He is a former student of St. Joseph's College.

Each Naval Aviator is an expert flyer, navigator, aerologist, gunner and radio operator. All wear the famous "Wings of Gold."

Lieut. Vincent Clark Marries February 5

Enlisting in the Army Air Corps in January, 1941, Vincent J. Clark, '39, of Owensboro, Ky., is a First Lieutenant. He is stationed at Camp Springs, near Washington, D. C.

On Feb. 5, Lieut. Clark was married to Miss Ethel Sprouse in the Bolling Field post chapel. They now live at 2810 Texas Ave., S.E., Washington, D. C.

Bob Morrison Writes From Pacific Post

From his post somewhere in the Pacific, Bob Morrison, '42, writes that he hasn't run into an S.J.C. boy during his ten months in the Army. "My eyes are still open though," he adds.

"I surely do miss the old boys—little John Murphy, Roytek, McGrath, and others; I certainly met some fine fellows there."

"Pardon me, while I win a war," is Bob's way of ending his short note.

C. L. Reymann Wins Navy 'Wings of Gold'

PENSACOLA, Fla., March 13.—Clement L. Reymann won his Navy "Wings of Gold" and was commissioned an Ensign in the Naval Reserve this week. Having been designated a Naval Aviator, Ensign Reymann will go on active duty in one of the Navy's air operational training centers before being assigned to a combat zone.

Prior to entering Naval service, he attended St. Joseph's College for two years, where he was a member of the varsity softball team.

Ritter Faces Firing Squad

As Stores Officer on ship, Ens. H. E. Ritter, Jr., sometimes faces the firing squad, but the bullets are only verbal pellets—from the other division officers if he doesn't get the supplies, and from the supply officers if they think he is requesting too much or unsuitable provisions. Nevertheless, he is enjoying navy life and seeing "a little of the world." He is reached from the N. Y. Fleet Post Office.

WINS WINGS



ENSIGN CANNON

REV. J. D. TRAHEY, AGED 37, DIES

An embolism, following an operation for a ruptured appendix, was fatal to the Rev. James D. Trahey, C.S.C., '24, who died at St. Joseph's Hospital, South Bend, March 2. He was thirty-seven years old.

Father Trahey was administrative assistant to the V. Rev. J. Hugh O'Donnell, C.S.C., President of Notre Dame.

Lundy In School Troops

Stationed at Camp Davis, North Carolina, Lieut. George Lundy, O-1049563, Btry. A. 247th AAA, S/L Bn, belongs to what are called "School Troops." While the instructing staff explains the duties of officer candidates, Lieut. Lundy and his group exemplify the points. He is second in command of the outfit.

Dave Hipskind Takes Business Ad Course

After six weeks in the intelligence division of the Air Corps at Amarillo, Texas, David Hipskind has been transferred to Fort Logan, Colorado, for the advanced special business administration course. He expects to remain there until about the middle of March.

Dave and the Army get along well together: he now tips the beam at 212 pounds and has passed the six-foot, one-inch mark.

Chaplain Moore Assigned

After receiving his commission in December and later attending chaplain school at Harvard, Father Kenneth C. Moore, '32, was assigned to Station Hospital, Fort McPhearson, Georgia. Mail reaches him there at Chaplain's Office. "I'm doing my spring training in the South this year," he writes.

Names Of Men In Foreign Service; Addresses Of Those In This Country

Because it is not permissible to print complete addresses of men in foreign service, only the names are given of those who have gone overseas or who have been transferred there during the last month. This list precedes the names and addresses of those still in this country.

Chaplain Henry Barge, C.P.P.S.; Pvt. Fred Berghoff; Pvt. Robert Bower; Pvt. John L. Callahan; Sgt. Gregory Daly; T/S Walter Donahue; Pfc. Cyril Georgel; T/S Joseph Gibson; Lieut. Robert Gutting; Chaplain John Hamme, C.P.P.S.; Ens. Bernard Hoffman; Chaplain Walter Junk, C.P.P.S.; Chaplain V. Malliske, C.P.P.S.; Chaplain Ed Moorman, C.P.P.S.; Pvt. Joseph Pavletich; Chaplain Andrew Pollack, C.P.P.S.; Chaplain Werner Rauh, C.P.P.S.; En. H. E. Ritter, Jr.; Chaplain Aloys Selhorst, C.P.P.S.; Chaplain William Staudt, C.P.P.S.; Chaplain Richard Steinemann, C.P.P.S.; Chaplain Stephen Tatar, C.P.P.S.; Pvt. Robert Taucher; Lieut. J. C. Walter; Chaplain August Wolf, C.P.P.S.; Chaplain Leo Weigel, C.P.P.S.;

At John Carroll University, Cleveland, 18, Ohio, are A.S. Thomas Bestudick, A.S. Paul Bower, A.S. James Buckley, A.S. Richard Causland, A. S. Paul Ehrenfried, and A.S. Anthony Sandrick.

T.S. Harold Bundy, Jr., Co. 439, Great Lakes, Ill.

Pfc. Allan Burkhard, Dental Co. 1556 S.U., Western Reserve Univ., Cleveland, 6, Ohio.

Pvt. Francis Coman, Batry. A., 12th Bn., Fort Eustis, Va.

Chaplain Henry Druffel, C.P.P.S., 143 CB, ABD, Gulfport, Miss.

F.C. Ed. Fordyce, MRTC, Camp Barkley, Texas.

Lieut. William Glueckert, 18th Repl. Wg., Salt Lake City, Utah.

A.S. Henry Gronczewski, AAF-TS, Gulfport, Miss.

Chaplain G. Heinzen, C.P.P.S., Hq. 64th Inf., Rep. Tr. Bn., Camp Wolters, Texas.

Chaplain Werner Hemmelgarn, C.P.P.S., 36th AAA, Army Air Field, Marysville, Calif.

Pvt. Charles Hodges, Btry. A, 556 AAA, AW Bn., Fort Fisher, N. C.

Pvt. John E. Hoff, A.A.F. Tech. Sch., Truax Field, Wisc.

Pvt. Leo Holloway, Fitzsimmons Gen. Hosp., Denver, Colo.

Chap. Joseph Hoying, C.P.P.S.; Army Chap. Sch., Harvard Univ., Cambridge, Mass.

Chaplain Sylvester Kleman, C.P.P.S., Naval Tng. Sch., Williamsburg, Va.

Chap. Charles Meyer, C.P.P.S., 136th Gen. Hosp., Camp Phillips, Kansas.

Pfc. Albert Moran, 16th A.S. Comm. Sq., Army Air Base, DeRidder, La.

Frank Murray, V-12 Pre-Midn.

Sch., Norfolk Navy Yard, Norfolk, Va.

Chap. Francis Laudick, C.P.P.S., 402nd F.A. Group, Fort Bragg, N. C.

Pvt. Donald McAtamney, Hq. Btry, 612 F.A. Bn., Camp Gruber, Okla.

Chap. Ambrose Newton, C.P.P.S., USS Leon, 56th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Pvt. Roy Norton, Co. C, 1251st Eng. Combat Bn., Camp Swift, Texas.

Chap. E. R. Olberding C.P.P.S., Brunswick Hotel, 520 Boylston St., Boston 16, Mass.

Lieut. Wm. Peitz, 40th Bomb. Gp. Pratt, Texas.

Paul Reichert, A.S.2C, Sub Base, New London, Conn.

Chap. Harold Roth, C.P.P.S., Hq. 12th T.D. Bp., Camp Claiborne, La.

Pvt. Frank Roytek, Jr., 3rd T.S.C., Lowry Field, Denver, Colo.

Lieut. B. A. Staudt, 331 Combat Crew D, Casper, Wyoming.

Chap. Fred Stock, C.P.P.S., Naval Tng. Sta., Sampson, N. Y.

A.S. John Walker, Co. 228, Great Lakes, Ill.

Lieut. C. S. Walter, AAF Southern Tng. Cen., Maxwell Field, Ala.

Chap. John Wissert, C.P.P.S., Nav. Air Tech. Tng. Cen., Norman, Okla.

A.S. Louis Yugovich, Nts. Sch., Phys. Inst., Bainbridge, Md.

Father Schmitt At Carlsbad

Commissioned Dec. 16, Father Bernard Schmitt, C.P.P.S., '34, reported for duty recently as Chaplain at Carlsbad Army Air Field, New Mexico.

— More About — Catholic Essay

strictions on paper. Father Gross, who intends to approach other publishing houses, feels that the book may have to remain in manuscript form until after the war.

This is the second time that he has met with obstacles when he had a book ready for publication. A year ago, when he had completed *A Century of the Catholic Short Story*, a field which up to that time had been untouched, two volumes by different authors appeared simultaneously, and the publisher was hesitant to hazard a third immediately.

Father Gross received his M.A. degree from the University of Michigan in 1941.